# Seeing Only Good in Child, Mother's Fault

The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer. It is, of course, one of the merciful dispensations of Proviience that every old hen thinks that she has hatched out a swan. and that every mother believes her own children to be models of hauty and paragons of wit and intelligence.

o its defects that gives a woman the patience and the love to worry, and love to worry, and

work with a cross fretful, sickly teething baby that doesn't look as if it were
more than three jumps ahead of its
original monkey ancestors. Nobedy
else could possibly think it worth rearing, but the blessed mother delusion
sees the beauty of Lillian Russell or a
Paul Swan in the watery eyes, the
pudsy nose and the mouth like a catfish: the mother's ears hear the voice
of Caruso in every squall, and detects
the intellect of a Woodrow Wilson in
the countenance that has no more expression to it than a cream cheese.

at the stuitification of mother love that we are so often called upon to witness, or to go down on our knees in reverence before a love so great that it robs an otherwise intelligent woman of every particle of ability to see clearly, or a true judgment where the belowed one is concerned, for mother love in that which when put into the heart a woman robs her of her reason. So when some woman descants to us the hour about the beauty and the charms of her daughter, and we find the girl homely and awkward and unattractive, with no charm of mind or person; or when mother shows off liftle Tommy's marvelous histrionic ability, and make him rectte for us, and he writhes, and twists, and squirms, and numbles out some hackneyed verses with about as much expression and elocution effect as if they were helps ground out of a food chouver. and elocution effect as if they were being ground out of a food chopper: Or, when mother shows us little Mary's composition and tells us that

A very prominent business man said of long ago that one of the principle auses of bankruptcy among merchants (as that they made a too optimistic viventory of their assets. They overalued the goods on their shelves, and ut a higher price than they would etch on their wares.

That's the trouble with mothers. That's the trouble with mothers as dazzling geniuses, and world conders, instead of the ungifted, medio-re individuals they are and so instead

wonders, instead of the ungifted, medio-cre individuals they are, and so instead of fitting them to fill worthily the humble sphere in life to which heaven has called them, mother unfits them to make a living by trying to force them into some high place for which nature never designed them.

Sally, for instance, has carroty hair, a saleratus biscuit complexion, and a dumpy figure. She dances like a bale of hay, and has the conversational nim-bleness of a performing elephant, but she is strong, healthy, energetic and capable, and has plenty of good hard horse sense.

If mother could see Sally as she is, she would know that Sally's chance of happiness in life lay in her becoming a business woman, or marrying some sensible, practical man who puts more siress on a wife's cooking than on her looks. But mother sees Sally as a radiant creature born to shine in society, and so she piles fine clothes on her, and hawks her around the marriage market, and breaks her heart with chagrin, wondering why other girls have beaux and Sally has none.

Tom's a good, honest, industrious lad who would make a steady, plugging clerk who would work hard and eventually save up enough money to start a little corner grocery of his own. But mother hears in his halting speech the eloquence of an orator, and she forces and the was a mother's inability to see in her child any defect that was responsible for an enormous amount of fee-blemindedness. He said that if competent physicians could treat the children who are under par mentally, while they were still very young, thousands upon thousands of them could be cured, or at least helped.

But the mother love kept the mothers even from admitting to themselves that their bables were "backward" in learning to walk or talk; or that they were "delicate," or so "sensitive," and so cover up the mental defect until it was too late to save the child from the most cruel fate on earth.

It is the same mother blindness which refuses to see in a child any blemish which keeps mother's from helping their children to correct their faults. Mothers know that any other children who are permitted to grow up wild and uncentrolled will inevitably grow into the kind of men and women who make undering he had any other children who are permitted to grow up wild and uncentrolled will inevitably grow into the kind of men and women who make undering the house of the second of t

But mother cannot save her children But mother cannot save her children from their weaknesses because she sees in their uncontrolled outbursts only high spirits, and camouflages their rages as nerves.

This is what furns mother love, which should be the greatest blessing that can come to a child, often into the greatest curse that can befall it. What the world needs is a new generation of mothers who do not take

eration of mothers who do not take a too optimistic inventory of their offspring.
(1 opyright, 1928, by The Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

## For the Table

Spinach and Nut Salad—A small quantity of cold boiled spinach cut fine, half of an apple sliced thin, pimente cheese, mix with mayonnaise and

Rice in Drice Seef Cases—Take left-over hoiled rice (cooked a little long-sy than usual so grains are very soft), mix with one beaten egg, form into sausage shape roll and wrap each roll in a slice of dried beef, pin with a toothpick, trim off the ends to look rice. Fry in butter substitute, remove to platter, make a white sauce on the skiller, pour over rolls and serve.

Stewed Dried Peaches—Four hot water over one-half pound dried peaches, covering them all over, let stand a built hour, then rub all the skins of, perhaps a few will not come off for most of them will.

Add fresh water to the skinned peaches and holf slowly one hour, keeping them well rovered with water, then add three-quarters cup of sugar and holf a minutes longer.

Spanish Salad Select ripe lost Spanish Salad Select ripe lost for seft battanas and cut into thin she waith a silver limit. She'd English waith a silver limit. She'd English waith a silver limit, she'd English waith to one-third the quantity of battanas. Press nuts through a gried-ror chop fine. Mix fruit and nuts lightly and heap them on a platter covered with crisp lettuce leaves. Pour mayonnaise dressing over the whole, taking care that it is seasoned sharply with cayenne pepper,

### Fashion's Forecast By Annabel Worthington.



The tab section of the waist of No. 9601 buttons over in a novel way and makes a trim finish. The one-piece straight skirt is seamed under the tuck at the side-front and becomes a decorative part of the skirt.

The ladies' house dress No. 9601 is cut in sizes 26 to 44 inches bust measure. Size 26 requires 4 yards 26-inch material, ½ yard 36-inch contrasting and 4 yards binding. Price 12 cents.

Limited space prevents showing all the styles here. We will send you our 32-page fashion magazine, containing all the good, new styles, hints on dressall the good, new styles, hints on dress-making, etc., for 5c, or 3c, if ordered with a pattern.

Our fashions and patterns are fur-nished by the leading fashion artists of New York city. Send orders for patterns to Fashion Department, The News Scimitar, 22 East Eighteenth street, New York city. the car.

And they left the observer wondering why all the concert halls were filled with so many stylish ones who "could not enjoy the music if they had to jump up and down to show seats," or could not enjoy it no matter what the reason, when there were so many little music lovers who would be willing literally to sweep out the place just for the opportunity of hearing one master singer or one violin artist.

(Copyright, 1920.)

"Sit down, Mr. Stylo," said the eminent publisher to the tattered genlus, who had just entered his elaborate sanctum. 'I have read your manuscript, and I think I shall publish it."

"Ah!" cried the starving genius. "Do you really mean that?"

"Yes. It seems to me a good book, and I think it will fill a long-felt want."

"I'm glad to hear you say that And, by the way, could you advance me two dollars on account of my royalties?"

"Oh, I think so—I think so. But why do you want two dollars?"

"I want to begin filling that long-felt what you spoke of."

# BEDTIME STORY

UNCLE WIGGILY AND LULU'S INVITATIONS.

"Why, I don't know," quacked Mrs. Wibblewobble, as she passed Jimmle his seventh plate of cakes. "Would you like him to come?"

like him to come?"
"Indoed we would." exclaimed Alice.
"I think he has stayed at the Bushy tail squirrel house long enough. And hefore that he visited Sammie and Susic Littletail, and they had lots of fun with Uncle Wiggily; Susie told me so."
"I wish he'd come here." quacked Jimmie the duck.
"Maybe he will," said Luiu, trying not to speak with her mouth too full of pancakes.

a long time."
"He will be very welcome. I'm sure" said Mrs. Wibblewohble, "but I am afraid he will not come."
"Oh. yes he will." declared Lulu. "You wait until he gets my invitation." And then it was time for the three duck children to go to the hollow stump school, where the lady mouse teacher heard their flapping and quacking lessons.

teacher heard their fiapping and quacking lessons.

When school was out, Alice and
dimmic started home, for they wanted
to take off their shoes and stockings,
and wade in the muddy puddles near
their home. The April showers had
made some lovely puddles, and ducks
are very fond of water, you know. Oh,
my, yes, and some sassafras follypops

o her:
"Aren't you coming, Lulu"
"Aren't you coming, Lulu"
"No," she answered, "I'm going over
o see if I can invite Uncle Wiggily to
ome and live at our house for a

duck girl, who could throw a stone almost as good as a boy.

Through the woods went Lulu, looking here, there and everywhere for Uncle Wiggliy. And at last she saw the old gentleman rabbit hopping along with his pink nose twinkling, as he smelled the delightful odors of spring among the trees.

"This is my chance?" thought Lulu and, all at once she set up the most terrible quacking you ever heard.
"Ouack! Quack! Qwouck! Awk! Awk! Honk! Honk! Squank!" went Lulu, opening wide her yellow bill.

"Dear me! What is the matter?" asked Uncle Wiggliy in surprise, as he stooped over to look at the bud of a pink flower which would soon be a May blossom. "Whatever in the world is the matter, Lulu?"

"Oh, Uncle Wiggliy! Come to our house! Quick! Quick! Come to our house as soon as you can!" quacked Lulu fluttering and futtering her

house as soon as you can!" quacked Lulu, fluttering and fluttering her



an out of breath. Fray what is the matter. Mrs. Wibblewobble? Who is hurt?"

"Why, no one," said the duck lady in surprise, "What did Lulu tell you?"

"I didn't exactly tell him anything," said Lulu, sort of shy like, "I just invited him to come and visit us."

"Well, well?" said Uncle Wiggily, laughing as he sat down on the wash bench. "That was a funny invitation, Luin, I surely thought something was the matter."

"There is," said Lulu. "We want, very much, to have you visit us awhile. That's all the matter."

"Well, since I'm here I suppose I might as well stay," said Mr. Longears, "Send for Nurse Jane."

"So that's how Lulu gave the bunny an invitation. And if the glass of water desn't spill all over when it chases the milk bottle upstairs to tag it. I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and Alice's pudding. cordion pleats which are the season are featured in both the skirt and the blouse. The sleeves are short and have an attractive cuff of odd design. Triangular pockets trim the skirt and metal thread embroidery trims the blouse. One of the narrowest of narrow tan leather belts

of sugar.

Wash the apples and cut a slice off the top. Remove the center, forming a cup, using a sharp teaspoon. Cook gently in a syrup of two cups of water and one cup of sugar until tender. Shape the center carefully and fill it with the boiled rice. Pour over the syrup apples were baked in, first simmering it until thick. Serve with whipped cream when cold.

Accordion Pleats Vogue For Spring



## Popular Girl Never Has Dates With Boys

Dear Mrs. Thompson-I am 16 years of agee and am a sophomore in high school. I am as popular as any of the other girls and am as well liked by the boys, but somehow the boys seem to like me just to talk to and nothing more. -o They never ask me

## What's In a Name?

BY MILDRED MARSHALL

While Clarice has its origin in the same root as Clare or Clara, its evolution progressed in a far different manner. The Latin adjective claris, meaning bright or famous, be of course responsible for both names, but where responsible for both names, for familiar and French, clarice is the product of Italy.

The old Latin feminine of words ending in or to signify the ober, was "lx, in modern Italian, this became "lx". It modern Italian, this became "lx" Clarice, therefore was the feminine name so evolved and meant "to make famous It proved popular throughout Italy its famous bearer probably being the wife of Lorenzo de Medici.

Medici.

Though France already had a Claire, she adopted Clarice, giving a soft "88" sound to the "c." This explains the Clarissa which sprang up in England and was given extraordinary vogue by Richardson in his novel while he made Clarissa his heroine. The popularity of this book in France, brought forth

Friday is Clarice's lucky day and 1 or lucky number. Copyright, 1920, by The Wheeler Syn-dicate, Inc.)

was talking to her class about Solomon and his wisdom.

"When the queen of Sheba came and laid jewels and five raiment before Solomon, what did he say?" she asked presently.

One small girl who evidently had had some experience in such matters, promptly replied: "How much d'yar want for the lot?"

What the wife of the average man can't understand is why another wo-man should actually enjoy flirting with him.

They never ask me for dates and never put themselves out any to take me places. Some girls seem so lucky and still they seem to me loud and forward. Whysels this? Do you think it right for a girl to draw a fellow to her side when he is talking with a crowd of people? I am analous to know what to do.

It is impossible to say definitely why the boys do not ask to take you places. Probably, however, they consider you too young and do not think of you as a possible sweetheart. At the age of 16 you have little cause to worry. Do not be critical of other girls. If a boy leaves a crowd of people to talk with some girl, he probably does so voluntarily and not because she draws him away.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am a young girl and in love with a young man of 18. We have been keeping company for about ten months. He tells me he loves me very much, but when there is another girl friend of his around he gives her all his attention and leaves me. Please advise me whether I should keep company with him and how I could attract all of his agtention. HOPEFUL. You are too young to think seriously of love. Do not permit the young man to talk to you on the subject. At the age of 18 it is only natural that he should enjoy more than one girl, but under the eircumstances he should not talk of love to anyone. Give up all thought of having his undivided attention and enjoy him as a friend and not a sweetheart.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am a girl 17 years old and have been keeping company with a fellow 22 years old. He is very nice when in my company, but when I am not around he goes with some other girl, but when I do the same he gets real angry.

I like another fellow better now, but would like your advice. With which one should I keep company? I have my choice.

It is not necessary to give up either. Tell the young man who objects that you are too young to go with only one person.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—Who is sup-posed to announce the marriage of a sister? Would it be proper for the mother, sister or a friend to announce

The mother should announce the mar-riage in case the father is dead. If he is living it is announced by the father and mother, for instance: "Mr. and Mrs. Waiter H. Snow announce the marriage of their daughter. Alberta," etc.

of their daughter. Alberta," etc.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am a girl of 18, keeping company with a young man of 20, who lives quite a distance from here and is working in a large city. Would it be sight for me to visit him there if a girl friend and her mother were to go along to visit relatives at the same place? Would it be all right for him to pay my expenses there and back, as I feel I can not afford to pay them myself? ANXIOUS TO KNOW.

It would be all right to go if you remain with your girl friend and her mother, but you should not permit the young man to pay your expenses. In case you can not afford to go, let him come 10 visit you.

Heartbroken."—Blame circumstances and human nature for your trouble. I hink you should forgive and marry.

some men. When talking to a young man think about him and not yourself and you will be less bashful. Try to decide what kind of things interest him. Some boys like to talk about sports—haseball skating, tennis, basketball; others prefer books and theaters, and some enjoy the woods with its flowers and birds if you read widely you will find it much easier to find topics of conversation.

Dear Mrs. Thompson-I am, and again Dear Mrs. Thompson—I am, and again I am not, in love. I have one of the best boy friends in the world and I know he really loves me. He does not go with other girls and he is loyal and true to me. I never have caught him in a lie. He is seven years my senior. There is a member of our family who dislikes him. Should I hold that against him?

There is a member of our family who dislikes him. Should I hold that against him?

I know he would do anything to make me happy. He is very generous. But at times I think I will nive him up because my people do not like him. I know I will never find another who is as truthful and loyal as he is and that I will miss him more than words can tell, I also know I never will find another who loves me as he does. He never tells me I can not do a thing, but says, "Please don't do that. Why do you want to try while me?"

Shall I listen to others and quit him? He has asked me to marry him and eaid he could give me a nice home. He is fond of children and so am I. If I give him up I am losing the best friend I have in the world. I know that I will be responsible for breaking his heart. Shall I be cruel and heartless, knowing that I am casting a gloom over the life of the one who loves me se?

You must let your heart decide your problem. Do not marry the main united your are sure you love him. The disappointment might broak his heart for a time, but it would mend and he would be happler in the end with some wmat who would return his affection. If you are 30 or over rely upon your own Judgment, weighing carefully the objections offered by members of your family. After all you are the one to be autisfied if married and your family should not choose your husband.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—We are two girls, both of us Americans, We go with young men from a neighboring town who were born in America but their parents are of foreign nationality.

Do you consider it worong for us you can not claim to be pure americans. All of the long to be pure americans. All of

well educated and well thought of. CHUMS.

I nless you are inclians you can not claim to be pure Americans. All of a sceen the Indians, can look back to toreign-born ancestors, and most of its do not have to look back far. It is false pride to think you are better than the young men you mention. Look to their characters rather than the country in which their parents were born.

Than O Who Loves His Wife — It is not pleasant to be nagged all the time you are at home, but be comforted with the thought that your wife's irritability is temporary.

Dear Mrs. Thompson—Do you think it

Dear Mrs. Thompson—Do you think it would be all right for one girl to go to a show at night with two boys?

BRUNETTE,

It would be all right for her to go with two boys if she is old enough to go to a show at night. Two boys are no worse than one.

SERVICE A LA CARTE. For days upon days the company had bodded on with the Rhine as their obplodded on with the Rhine as their objective, until they had begun to think that the river was purely mythical and that nothing really existed but sore foet and empty canteens. Finally, at the end of one day's march, they onliered Andernach and threw themselves on the ground. One soldier with a spark of remaining ambition, indered off, and in a few second can rue-ling back.

"The Rhine—the Rhine!" he shouted,
"It's here, right down that street a
couple of hundred yards."
His buddy staggered to his feet, but
sank down again,
Woh, heli," he groaned, "bring me
tucketful of it."—The Home Sector,

BRINGING UP FATHER —By George McManus

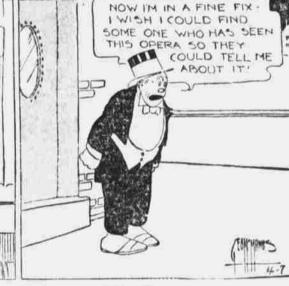
Household Hints



nor iron bars a cage."
Number 117732: No. mum, but a ten-year stretch of 'em'il whatcher might call create the atmosphere.—The Home







LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Why Didn't She Catch the Sleeping Sickness









YES DOCTOR.



- NOW THEN - TELL ME

TH' TRUTH ABOUT THAT

CAR OVER THERE !

JOE'S CAR—We'll Say Joe Isn't Crippled Under the Hair



YES - AND A FELLAH IN TH NEXT BLOCK TRIED T'SELL ME TH' WORST LOOKIN WRECK YOU EVER LAID EYES ON - HONESTLY, IT MUST OF BEEN BUILT IN 1492! HAH-



IT SOUNDED LIKE SOMEBODY HAD LEFT A KIT OF TOOLS IN TH' CRANK-CASE! I WAS SCARED T STAND NEAR IT! HAW - HAW -HAW - HAW -

- WHEN HE RAN TH MOTOR

IT WOULD TAKE \$ 150 T PUT TH'OLD BOILER IN SHAPE TO RUN! IMAGINE IT !!! [

I FINALLY GOT HIM TO ADMIT



